ROOM FOR MIRACLES; OR MIRACLES FROM ROOM

A Cart-Load for a Penny.

Pleasantly yet truely Exposing the *Wonderful Fopperies* Imposed by the *Popish Church*, to be Believed by Her *Catholick Children.*

To which is added a Lump of *Holy Reliques*, worth no Body knows *What*, as a *Cast* into the *Bargain.*

Whose coming is after the Works of Satan, *with Signs and Lying Wonders*, 2 Thes. 2. 9.

LONDON, Printed for *Stout D.* 1673.

To the Reader.

FInding our late Dialogue between his Holineſs, and his Cloven-footed Tutor, Bought up as faſt as Gazzets after a Sea Fight, Encourages us to play the Fool once more, and preſent thee with an Oglio of their Miracles, for a Chriſtmaſs Diſh: Dreſt they were all, we aſſure thee, by Cooks of the Popes one Kitchin, and paſt for no ſmall Delicacies in former Times, however Sawc'd here a little Facetiouſly to Taſte more briskly on thy Palate. Let our Graver Authors Baffle Romiſh Arguments and Pretences to Reaſon, our Deſign is only to Manifeſt the Rediculouſneſs of that Religion, that ſo weaker Heads (apt to be taken with its Pomp and Gartie) may henceforth behold ſuch Pagentries rather with Contempt than Wonder: When this is done, the Jeſuites may go whiſtle for Proſelites, unleſs (according to their practice) amongſt the Convicts of Newgate. If any think we ſpeak too Jocaſly of theſe wonderful Faculties, we doubt not but our Catholick Confeſſors in their Budgets of Pardons, have One for Drollery, eſpecially ſince themſelves have been ſo Blaſphemouſly bold, as to Entitle that Buffoon of their party, Fryer Juniper, Jaculator Chriſti, the Jeſter (I tremble to repeat it) of our Bleſſed Saviour. To Coyn theſe pityful Miracles, was the Imploy of Laſie Monks, in Ages of a pitchy Ignorance, thereby to Decoy ſilly Souls to an awful Reguard of their Cheating Idolatries. If thou ſhalt welcome This with thy former Indulgence, we may perhaps Weekly trouble thee with ſome freſh Piece of Popiſh Fopperies, wherein thy hazard ſhall be but a Penny, which yet may poſſibly Divert thee for an Hour, no leſs Innocently than a Game at Whiſt, or Cribbidg; who knows but ſuch Oblique Glances may warm and Enlighten, as kindly as perpendicular Rays, and ſmall Twig'd Rods give ſmarter Laſhes, than ſome more Labour'd Conſultations of Catholick Nonſenſe.

Farewel.

ROOM FOR

Miracles and Reliques, &c.

THough Reaſon tell us, that only New Revelations want New Miracles to Evidence them Divine. And holy Scripture Teaches, That the Doctrine of the Goſpel ſtands not in need of any further Miracles, ſince it hath long ſince been ſo ſufficiently Confirmed: That if an Angel from Heaven ſhould Teach otherwiſe, and offer Miracles to Vouch his Doctrine, he were worthy to be Accurſed; yet the Church of *Rome* to prop up her Traditions, pretends theſe Miraculous Operations to be far more frequent now, than in the Primitive Times: Well may the Hereticks (ſaith ſhe) pretend Miracles Ceaſed, being conſcious of their own dull Inefficacy and confeſſed Diſabi'ity to perform them, whilſt the Catholick Church has in all Ages given viſible Marks of her Infallible Authority, and Unlimited Juriſdiction, by multitudes of Incredible, as well as unpara lel'd Miracles.

Of theſe wonderful Operations, that certainly deſerves to Lead the Van (though ordinarily and conſtantly wrought) which every pitiful Hedg Prieſt by virtue of his Office, dares chal'enge to Exerciſe, even to *Create* his *Maker*, and fetch down the Body of the Glorified Jeſus from Heaven to the Altar, as ſuddenly as the Sun can diffuſe his Beams of Light: And though he Conſecrate a Thouſand Wafers at a time, and a Thouſand ſuch Conſecrations be made in ſeveral places at the ſame time, yet the whole Chriſt is there Bodily in every place, in every of the Wafers, at the ſame inſtant, and yet nothing to be ſeen, felt,

nor tasted, but plain common Wafers still. For not believing this heap of Absurdities, how many Thousands have suffered cruel Martyrdom?

In the next place deservedly Marches St. *Francis* (Christs Standard-bearer they call him, and Jesus Typical) Heaven and Earth are fill'd with Astonishment at his Wonders: What should we Talk of his puny Miracles, as instructing of a Sheep to go to Church with him, to kneel devoutly there, and bear a part when he Sung the sacred Anthems: Of his swallowing a Spider at Mass, which crept out again whole at his Thigh: Of Water fetcht in an instant out of a Rock, for an Honest man that had lent him an Ass (for you know one good Turn requires another;) or of a Lock of his Hair laid in the Crack of a Wall, which made up the Breach without Morter. It would be endless to stand Retailing his Stock of Miracles, since the History of his wonderful Conformitys to Christ, lately published with great Authority, doubts not to tell you in gross, that whatever Christ did, *Francis* has done the same: And that he has Transcended Christ in his Miracles. Our Saviour turned some few Vessels of water into Wine, but *Francis* turned a whole Fountain so. (I know an hundred Good Fellows wish it had been *Lambs Conduit*, but it seems he carried it with him into the other World, for there is no such thing to be found in this.) Our Saviour Raised some few from the Dead, but St. *Francis* raised a Thousand more out of Purgatory: Attended with all which Train, his Soul was visibly seen march to Heaven in the shape of a *Fryer-Minor*, but by the way was Triumphantly met by Christ, and his blessed Mother, *&c.* and placed amongst the highest Order of *Seraphins*, in the vacant Seat formerly belonging to *Lucifer*.

What say you to St. *Fingare*, who Sailing from *Ireland* on a broad Leaf (supposed to be a Cabbidge Leaf) into *Cornwall*; being Martyr'd by the Tyrant, carrried her head in her arms (just as the great *French* St. *Denis* did) up to a Hill not far off, intending to bury it there; but being disturbed with the Scolding of some *Billingsgate* Gossips, trudg'd with it down again into the Valley, and washing it in a spick and span new VVell that sprung up there just then on purpose, quietly buried both it and her self.

Can the Hereticks shew such a merciful Saint as the Abbot of *Willar*, who to save a poor womans Longing, kill'd his Ox, and gave the poor Soul almost a quarter of it, which yet was found next morning alive and whole, Grazing in his Pasture. Or such a patient Saint as Mistresse

Clare,

Clare, who ſtood ſtone ſtill from *Holy Thurſday* in the afternoon, till the Saturday night, thinking of juſt nothing at all; or rather, As another Siſter Saint in *Ireland*; who putting her hand by chance out of a Window, a Thruſh came and laid her Eggs in her Hand, where the good woman ſtood without moving hand or foot till thoſe Eggs were Hatch'd, and in all likelihood, ſtir'd not till the pretty Birds were Fledg'd.

Saint *Brendan*, for ſeven long years together, celebrated his *Eaſter* upon a *VVhales* back, which he at firſt miſtook for an Iſland; But finding his Error, with a prayer or two he fixed the Sea-monſter from ſtarting, and at laſt VVhipt and Spur'd him as far as the Earthly Paradize; from whence (as Luck would have it) they both came ſafe home. But whether afterwards the VVhale lay Lieger all the ſeven years, or came courteouſly every *Eaſter* to find out St. *Brendan*, and offer the Service of his back to ſo holy a purpoſe (becauſe the Earth could not afford Room enough for ſuch a precious buſineſs) we cannot certainly inform you.

VVonderful is the Legend of Fryer *Tony* of *Padua*, who finding his Labour loſt in perſwading Hereticks, went to the Sea-ſide, and call'd the Fiſhes together, who ſuddenly in whole Shoals aſſembled themſelves; and lifting up their Heads above VVater, Liſtned moſt attentively to his powerful Preaching, and no doubt turned good *Catholiques*, As appeared by their ſilence: VVhich ſucceſs ſtirring no ſmall Envy in the peeviſh Hereticks; They inviting the Holy man to Supper, Set before him a great ugly Toad, Urging him with that precept in the Goſpel, (*VVhatſoever ſhall be ſet before you Eat.*) But what does he, but makes a Croſs over it with his finger, and turns it immediately into a brave fat Capon, piping hot from off the Spit.——And now Reader, if thou haſt a ſtomach to ſuch Miracles as theſe, fall to and welcome.

Auguſtine (I mean the *Monk* not the Venerable *Biſhop* of *Hippo*) by Reading one *Maſs*, raiſed up two Souls out of Purgatory; one a Laymans, who dyed Excommunicated for not paying his Tyths 150. years before; The other that of the Prieſt who excommunicated him, but at the *Monks* Entreaty, the prieſt who excommunicated him, but at the *Monks* entreaty, the prieſt abſolved the Lay-man, and away they Marcht to Heaven good Friends.

And now we talk of Excommunication, let me tell you not a few Miracles have been done by that trick. The Abbey of *Fuſniack*, was horribly infeſted with Flies, St. *Bernard* comes and ſolemnly Excommuni-

cates

cates the saucy Insects, whereupon next morning these noysome Guests are found all dead on the floor. A white loaf do (but let a Priest repeat the words of Excommunication over, it) shall turn as black as a Coal. And when *Robert Brooks* was Excommunicated by St. *Thomas Becket*, (and thereby become *Jumentum Diaboli*) the very Dogs refused to take the bones from his hands, and as readily snatcht them away being tendred by others.

A Synod being assembled at *Wilton* in *England* heretofore, to debate the lawfulness of the Clergy's Marrying. The very *Crucifix* (if it were not some knavish Priest behind it) cryed out, *Ye shall never yield that the Clergy shall Marry*; And so the business was determined.

Can any of the silly Protestants boast such a Favourite of Heaven as *Fryer Benedict*; who having it seems a particular kindness for the Prophet *Daniel*, had a Moneths mind to visit his Tomb in *Babylon*, but being somewhat disheartned with such a tedious journey, and fear of a Dragon, that he was told had the Custody of it: One day as it happily fell out, comes me a huge terrible Dragon (bigger than that from which St. *George* rescued his fair S*abrina*) and wrapping him up in the Curls of his long sweeping Tayl, flies away with him to rights to *Babylon* (was not the poor *Saints* heart at his mouth think you all this while) And set him down there as gently as if it had been his Mistress, close by the said Tomb; where he viewing the Sacred Corps, made so bold out of his deep Devotion, as to cut of a finger and steal it away for a precious Relique; which done, the friendly Dragon is ready to take him up a pick-pack, and return him sound as a fish to his Cell.

St. *Christina* dying in her Childhood, was most kindly welcom'd into Heaven; but withal, was offer'd the civility to take her choice, whether she would stay there still in Happiness, or return to Earth again, for her greater Merits, in delivering *Parboil'd Souls* out of *Purgatory Torments*. She like a good natured *Girle* chuses the latter, and down soop she comes again into this Lower World; but not enduring the *stench* of mens sins, still keeps her residence at some distance aloft, perching on the Tops of the Tallest Trees and highest Pinacles; where she satisfies her Hunger with the Milk of her own Breasts, no matter though she were a Virgin. *Dionysius* the *Carthusians* had seen her at it a Sucking of her self a hundred times.

There is indeed a World of like Miracles, whereby the *Romish Religion* is Honour'd and Confirm'd. St. *Briget* having given (out of Charity you must know) a good piece of Bacon to a fawning Cur, yet found it again after he had eaten it, restored in her Kettle and eat it her

self

ſelf. Another time ſigning a new born Infant with a Croſs, ſhe cauſed the Child to diſown its ſuppoſed Father, and cry out a loud, *The Biſhop of* Broen *is not my Father, but yonder poor man that ſits at the lower end of the Table*: Truly I think the Child was almoſt as Miraculous as the Saint, that he could know his own Father ſo readily; If the ſign of the Croſs did retain the ſame *Virtue* ſtill, perhaps few of our *Women* now adayes would care to have it uſed at their Childrens Baptiſme.

To conclude, who would willingly croſs the *Alps*, though always Perriwig'd with Snow, bareſoot in a devout Pilgrimage, to ſee that holy building of our *Ladies Chappel*, That (God knows why or when) travelled Miraculouſly two thouſand miles at one Stage, all through the Air, from *Paleſtina* to *Loretto*, or to behold a thouſand more notable Monuments of both Ancient and Modern Saints, and their Sacred Relriques; As St. *Joſeph*'s Breeches (And if you pleaſe *Lipſius*, his that he offered to our *Lady* too Boot) St. *Anns* Comb, *Judas* his Lanthorn, *&c.* but eſpecially who would not be greedy to view thoſe Immortal Reliques, The Feather of the Angel *Gabriel*; and the Red Velvet *Buckler*, ſtill reſerved in a Caſtle in *Normandy*, which the Arch-Angel *Michael* made uſe of when he Combated the *Dragon*: In all which Monuments, there is not ſo much Miracle in their Preſervation, as in their Supernatural *Multiplication*, That the ſame Croſs which *Simon of Cyrene* bore on his back, ſhould now be able to *Load a Ship*. And whereas *John* the *Baptiſt*, loſt but one Head, there are now two to be ſeen, one at *Amyens* in *France*; the other at St. *Silveſters* Abbey in *Rome*; And theſe both whole. Beſides, a multitude of Parcels and Fragments of it elſewhere.

But of all this we may have a Reaſon in the Story of the *Nails*, wherewith our Saviour was faſtned to the Croſs; at firſt they were but three in all, and *Conſtantine* cauſed one of them to be put in his Horſe Bridle which he uſed in the Wars; the *Second* in his Helmet to ſtick his Plum of Feathers in; The *Third* he flung into the *Adriatique* Sea, in a Tempeſt to Calm the Raging Waves: yet now in *Several Churches*, you ſhall ſee a *Dozen* or *Sixteen* of thoſe Nails, for which *Catholick Doctors* give this Reaſon, That the Nail caſt into the Sea, took upon it the Nature of a Fiſh and Spawn'd a great many other *little Nails*, which has produced this multitude. And now I hope your Curioſity is ſatisfied in the Point.

Further you are to know that all thoſe Holy Reliques, you have their peculiar Miracles, as the Saints above have their peculiar Imployments. For as the *Heathen Romans*, Erected Temples to the *Green Sickneſs* and *Ague* for want of Wit: So theſe *Catholick Romans* for want of *Grace*, have ſuited their Canonized Patrons to all occurrences. Thus on St. *Johns* day, they implore that Saint for a Bleſſing for their *Wine*, St. *Stephen* looks after their *Paſtures*. St. *Mark* their Corn, and for *Sea-Deities* they have made good ſtore to pray to, leaſt ſome of them ſhould not be at leiſure, or otherwiſe imployed in that vaſt Element: As St. *Andrew*, St. *Clement*, St. *Nicholas*, *&c.* So that certainly if the *Saints* in Heaven do know what is now faigned of them on Earth; and could be capable of *Humane Affections*, in that bleſſed Region of *Impoſſibility*, they would Bluſh for ſhame at ſuch *Prodigious Fables*, and as *Socrates* when he read *Plato*'s Dialogues, cry'd out, *Quam Multa de me mentitur Adoleſcens.* So ſurely would they ſay, *How many groſs and abominable Lyes, do thoſe Idle Cloyſterers raiſe of us* But by this *Craft we get* our *Living*, cry the *Popiſh Demetriuſſes*.

Theſe Stories were all raiſed to Cheat the Common people, firſt of their *VVits*, and then of *Money*, and creat an eſteem for the Prieſts and Monks, as Inſtruimental in theſe Miracles, and having all the Sacred *VVonderworking* Reliques in their Cuſtody: Whereas indeed notwithſtanding all their Brags of Miracles, moſt true is that Blunt *Reparte* of

Thomas

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Thomas Aquinas, to *Innocent* the Fourth (whom he found surrounded with vast Heaps of Gold) Loe! *Thomas*, saith the Pope, The Church cannot now say as of Old, *Silver and Gold have I none*: No truly, replied the *surly Doctor*. Neither can she say to the Lame man, *Arise and walk*. Considering the great Dishonour of God and sincere Religion, with the danger poor deluded Souls are drawn into by such Impostures of the Romish Clergy, we hope we may without offence, conclude this Sheet with a *Story* borrowed from Father *Bromiard* (a *Catholick*, and therefore we hope an undeniable Author) which if it should be true, not a few poor Ignorant Lay-papists, that use to Reverence their cheat-*Priests* as Demy-Deitiyes, will certainly think it a greater Miracle than any we have yet related. And thus it is: A certain Priest returning Home one Night very late from an *Harlot*, which he kept Abroad (to do, which the *Cannons* vote less Criminal by far, then to have an honest Wife) hearing a most lamentable Noise of a *Ghost* not ar from him; after he had *Crost* himself once or twice, askt *what, or who he was?* The Ghosts answers him by asking, *Who art thou that would'st know?* I am a Priest quoth the man, fencing still with the Sign of the Cross: A *Priest*, quoth the Ghost, A *Priest*, A *Priest?* which made the Priest enquire the reason why he *redoubled* that word with such vehemence. To which the *Ghost* replied, That there came daily such *Swarms* of Popish *Priests* to Hell, that he verily thought there had been *None* left alive upon *Earth*.

FINIS.

POST-SCRIPT.

LEst any *should Dream we Coyn any Stories here on purpose to make Popery* Rediculous, *we assure them we have taken all from* Originals, *where they are told with no little* Seriousness *and* Gravity, *as in the* Golden Legend, John Capgrave, Speculum Exemplorum, *the Book of* Conformities, *and such other worthy Catholick Monuments.*

And lest any should fancy that the old Beldam *of* Rome *is grown* Barren, *and accuse us for telling more but* stale *Miracles,* Fortune *has just now supplied us with a* fresh Instance: *For the very last* Harleem Currant, *comes News from* Rome *of the* 9th. *of* Dec. *That two* Maids *are there found with Child. And who can doubt that to be a Miracle? Especially when they had solemnly vow'd Virginity, and were Cloistered up in a* Nunnery: *However the* Pope *considering humane frailty, and remembring it was only a* Venial *Sin, thought fit to Impose no other* Penance *on them then a gentle* Flogging *or* Whipping *punishment. Yet still we fear this will seem neither Miracle, nor new to them that have Read in our English Chronicles, how many Hundred Childrens Sculls and Bones were found Buried in Nunneries at their Dissolution in King* Henry *the* 8ths. *time.*

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